

Perhaps I Shall Tell You Lies

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Perhaps I Shall Tell You Lies

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Summary

"You sadistic fuck." He sighed, relaxing.

"I wouldn't insult me when I'm on top of you, Will. If I really intended to hurt you, I'd know where to press."

"You wouldn't dare." But Hannibal took his hands off of him entirely and Will became all too aware of the fragility of his spine.

Hannibal is in a cuddly mood and Will obliges him a little too much, leading to massages and bathing. And moral discussions, because, well, why not?

Hannibal had been in one of his more-- *touchy-feely* moods, for lack of a better term. It was a regular occurrence, really: some days Will would just realise touches of his hands lingering, maybe more frequent kisses, general doting- they were often little gestures, unless he felt brazen. If it started in the morning, Will would be awoken by Hannibal's fingers in his hair, or lips on his back, or pressing up against him, so he'd return the attention, and ask if he just needed some reassurance. Oftentimes, the answer was yes. Either that, or it would be unspoken, and Will would accommodate or avoid him depending what he was happy with at the time.

On that particular day, Will was probably being overly accommodating. Especially in his acceptance of a back massage when he woke back up in the late morning, having drifted back to sleep after breakfast, and felt Hannibal's warm fingers just above his ass, rubbing easing circles. Then when Hannibal off-handedly suggested a full-on treatment, Will was embarrassingly eager.

In all fairness, a good excuse was the tightness of his muscles from the difficult car maintenance he'd been elected to perform, made astronomically worse by the wintery turn in the weather- all numbed fingers, and rusted metal, and the crude stench of motor grease. The discomfort that it left him with sunk marrow-deep, leaving him sore, filthy, and exhausted.

Not only that, but Hannibal had dragged him to a marketplace in a nearby town the previous day. The number of people there were like flies to a corpse; the produce not much better, all overpriced and tacky, of dubious origin. Will had hardly coped, only slightly consoled by his grip on Hannibal's hand. He considered the massage to be his well-deserved reward.

So there he was, lying on his front in his boxer shorts with a cannibal straddling his hips and kneading him like a piece of meat. *Great.*

"Were you waiting for me to wake up so you could do this?" Will asked, voice somewhat muffled by the pillow he felt like he was slowly sinking into, all thanks to Hannibal's dexterous hands working a knot out from along his lower back. His suspicion hadn't been about it possibly being meal preparation- he'd just found it strange that Hannibal was even doing it in the first place; made stranger still in his ownership of apricot kernel oil, and *who the fuck has apricot kernel oil? Let alone on-hand?* He'd count that as premeditation.

"Perhaps," Hannibal admitted, "I thought you'd enjoy it." Just as he said that, Will groaned in a pained pleasure.

"You thought right." He affirmed, swearing under his breath when Hannibal applied more pressure, pushing down and outwards with the base of his thumbs, and it occurred to him how keen Hannibal seemed to do this. Maybe Hannibal's motivation for doing it could be for his own gratification. He was certainly getting into it. It would make sense, really, given his proclivity for sadism. Will narrowed his eyes, looking over his shoulder a little: "Aren't you enjoying this?"

"I--" Will groaned again and Hannibal smiled slightly, "I savour in providing whatever brings you satisfaction." That sounded a bit too rehearsed for Will's liking, but he let it slide, not

wanting to start an argument, and slowly becoming molecularly fused to the mattress with how his muscles felt liquified. Given the chance, this could send him back to sleep.

And it did.

That was until he was slowly woken up by a building pain in his shoulder as Hannibal had moved his arm back to allow access to just underneath his shoulder-blade, pushing deep into the joint, and pulling the scar tissue there taut, feeling like it was being torn apart: "Shit!" Will flinched sharply and tensed up so Hannibal relented and lessened the force, suddenly gentle. Will turned to him the best he could, to scowl. Hannibal didn't meet his gaze but he could make out a tiny glimpse of amusement on his face: "You sadistic *fuck*." He sighed, relaxing.

"I wouldn't insult me when I'm on top of you, Will. If I really intended to hurt you, I'd know where to press."

"You wouldn't dare." But Hannibal took his hands off of him entirely and Will became all too aware of the fragility of his spine.

There was a pause. Then Hannibal leant down and kissed the back of Will's neck, before getting off of him: "You can rest again now. The type of oil stops the skin feeling any discomfort afterwards, but a warm bath would be soothing." Will heard him move to the ensuite briefly to wash his hands; he hummed a groan, carefully getting up on his elbows and heaving himself up to sit, looking up at Hannibal in front of him, purposefully heavy-lidded, "I can run one for you, if you like?"

"Only if you get in with me. It could be dangerous all on my own, because I'm so relaxed. I could hurt myself." He realised how that had sounded after he said it. Hannibal's smile was almost imperceptible.

"As you wish." His voice was soft and accent warm, a fire burning out in the dark but its heat still remaining. Will outstretched an arm for him to approach and he cradled his waist as he did, his forehead pressed against his stomach.

"Thank you, Hannibal."

Hannibal soothed a hand through his hair, "My pleasure, mylimasis."

When he moved away again Will got away with a light slap to his ass, smiling mischievously, "I'm sure it was."

Immersed in the hot water and bubbles that smelt flowery and inviting like an all-encompassing hug, Will tried and failed to clear his mind. Ever since the thought of Hannibal's penchant for sadomasochism, he'd managed to think of little else. *Who could blame him?* He contemplated Hannibal's actions- his crimes, along with his affections- and mulled them over as if shuffling a deck of cards. Some of the ideas around his intentions had sprouted into ideas around intimacy, Will unintentionally, *but also completely intentionally*, began wondering about pain, and sex, and admonished a silent confusion about why he wasn't more aroused.

"Do you think people always do things for their own benefit?" Will thought aloud, "At least, in part."

Hannibal readjusted his jaw against Will's shoulder and blinked in the question, "I think that humans are naturally self-interested creatures, some more so than others." He considered, his arms holding Will's stomach and rested against the smile there, "We're all our own biggest fans."

"But, surely, you're no more special than anybody else?" Hannibal was amused by that.

"I'm hurt to know you think so, Will." He joked, and a smile split Will's face, fleetingly.

"You know what I mean."

There was a pause. A finger was traced against scar tissue, submerged underwater: "There's nothing more fundamental than the primal desire to seek pleasure, and avoid pain."

"Unless you *like pain*."

Hannibal hummed, only partly sarcastic when he said: "It depends on the type."

Will scoffed, "That's *still* hedonistic."

"People are far less selfless than they pride themselves on being."

"Are you selfless?" It sounded like an accusation when he said it, but Hannibal reached round him to get the shampoo and leant back.

"Not often," He said, lathering it in his hands before applying it to Will's hair, "Altruism has never appealed to me."

"Why does that not surprise me?"

"You know me too well." He sarcastically cooed, sticking up Will's hair between his fingers. Will mouthed around the *too well*, and tried not to think too much about it, pawing at the bubbles that were threatening to spill over the edges of the tub, "Are you asking so you can gage my morals?" Hannibal queried, suddenly switching to using that therapeutic voice, weirdly guarded, and it made Will want to cringe.

"I could be," He half-shrugged, unwilling to expand on his real thoughts, "It's not like morally grey areas aren't something we're both used to." Or, y'know, *utterly immoral acts all the fucking time*.

Hannibal's hands moved down to massage at Will's shoulders, "Shouldn't we follow our own moral code?"

"That's egocentric."

"Does that really matter?" Hannibal countered, and Will sighed.

"Not unless you care what other people think. And something tells me, you don't." Hannibal couldn't stop his grin spreading.

"You'd be correct."

"But you *do* care about appearances." He pointed out, and Hannibal's expression didn't falter, interest piqued in Will's analytical side easing to the surface, "You were an unassuming therapist, up to the point that you weren't."

"Was that practicality?"

"I don't know: *was it*? It would be useful in not having to play whose gun is it anyway with the FBI, but your need for eccentricities is... *a bit much*."

"Is indulgence so bad?"

"In moderation, Hannibal. *This--*" He vaguely gestured to the chandelier, and the gold-trimmed freestanding bath, and the fuck-off huge mirror that lined the back wall, "Isn't in moderation."

"I find joy in the exquisite- have done since I was a boy." He paused, pictures of black swans and willow branches flitting into his mind, before being torn down, "Why shouldn't I allow myself that freedom?"

"There are *plenty* of people that would have *plenty* to say about what you should and should not be allowed." *Including freedom*. That tickled him a bit more than it probably should have.

Hannibal schooled his expression to one of warm curiosity, sighing passably, "Beauty is the key to life, Will, I merely appreciate that which deserves my attention."

Will looked back at him, soap-sudsed hair sticking every which way and a sneaking smile on his face, and Hannibal almost laughed at him; amidst Hannibal's marvelling he spoke, sounding surprised: "Is *that* why you like me so much?"

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